



The Whitherward of Science

A Review
by A. J. M. Smith

Note: The future development of science, and the relation of scientific progress to philosophy and religion and to the more practical problems of eugenics and modern warfare have been the subject of two notable recent books, the first of which, "Daedalus" by J. B. S. Haldane, Sir William Dunn Reader in Bio-Chemistry at the University of Cambridge, states the case for the modern advancement of learning, while the other, "Icarus", by Bertrand Russell, presents a converse picture, showing the dangers that may be expected from a too sudden increase in man's powers over nature. "Daedalus" is the subject of the present review a continuation of which will next week deal with Bertrand Russell's book.

EVER since Samuel Butler's brilliantly gloomy prognostication of a future state of slavery where man-made Machinery dominates its helpless creator scientific progress has been eyed askance by a great number of careful thinkers, and not even all the fountains of enthusiasm that bubble up from Wells have been sufficient to free science from the suspicion of conspiring to hand mankind a bound and bewildered captive, into the power of deadly contrivances that will dehumanize him in peace and exterminate him in war.

Mr. Haldane, as a defender and prophet of science, very fairly opens his arguments with a scene that graphically illustrates this part of the case against him. It is a picture of battle in the grey and devastated landscape of northern France. "Through a blur of dust and fumes there appear, quite suddenly, great black and yellow masses of smoke which seem to be tearing up the surface of the earth and disintegrating the works of man with an almost visible hatred... somewhere in the middle distance one can see a few irrelevant looking human figures, and soon there are fewer. It is hard to believe that these are the protagonists in the battle. One would rather choose those huge substantive oily black masses... and suppose that the men are in reality their servants, and playing an inglorious, subordinate, and fatal part in the combat. It is possible, after all, that this view is correct." This was in 1915. Three years later, the author adds, there would have been one very significant addition, "The men would have been running with mad terror in their eyes, from gigantic steel slugs, which were deliberately, relentlessly, and successfully pursuing them."

Is man to become a mere parasite of machinery, an appendage to the re-productive system of huge and complicated engines that will begin by usurping his activities, and end by ousting him from the mastery of the planet? Is the goal and ideal of humanity to be the machine-minder engaged on repetition work? These are questions which Mr. Haldane attempts to answer hopefully, and, in doing so, makes the greater part of his book a prophetic summary of the

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THE LITERARY Supplement to the McGill Daily which now makes its appearance is based upon two as yet rather doubtful assumptions. The first is the assumption that there are a dozen students at McGill who have the ability and inclination to write down some of their observations and reflections on life and letters. Some have the ability but not the inclination; there are others who have the inclination, but from whom the ability is woefully absent. The editors, who belong in the latter, if in either of these two groups, trust that there are undergraduates of literary talent who have been silent only because a suitable medium through which they may express themselves has hitherto been lacking. It is their hope to provide such a medium. The second assumption which we have made is that the many will be interested to read what the few write.

WE SHALL NOT promise our readers a staid and conservative view of the Great Masterpieces of the World's Literature, nor attempt to compose a guide to The Hundred Best Books on The Five Foot Shelf, but we do offer a place where those who desire to do so may write freely on questions of taste, however unorthodox their opinions may be. Orthodoxy will also be permitted so long as it is cleverly done, but we are among those who would rather err brightly than platinise respectfully.

LITERATURE AND life are too fine and beautiful to be treated with professorial gravity or academic heaviness, and our judgments upon them are not to be regarded as having the weight and authority of the library and the lecture hall. The gods of respectability and caution will not be worshipped in this church; rather will it be our endeavor to uncover the clay feet of these too popular idols.

IT IS HOPED that those who write for us will be something other than imitative, that they will feel free to experiment. New methods of criticism and new forms of verse should find a place here beside the old from which they have developed. We are undertaking this supplement as an experiment in expression, and frankly prefer to plead guilty to the follies of youth than be acquitted of the charge of sowing our literary wild oats.

The Rush to the Colleges STEPHEN LEACOCK

AT THE present moment every newspaper in the civilized world, and in Russia, is publishing statistics that show the unprecedented number of students seeking to enter colleges. At the American colleges the freshmen are turned away in thousands; At Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton there is said to be standing room only; in the middle west they are teaching the students in the open air. At Oxford and Cambridge they are said to be admitting only students in the four quarterings (eight pints) of nobility. In Scotland the admission is being narrowed down almost as closely as spiritual salvation. In Russia they have had to abolish matriculation altogether, and admit everybody who doesn't wear a collar. This tidal wave of students seeking to enter the universities set in immediately after the war, and shows no sign of abating.

What does it all mean?

A generation or so ago college education was reserved for the few. It was regarded as a very special path in life, the entry to which was open only to those of peculiar endowment. The bright boys went to college. The rest stayed at home. I remember forty years ago hearing somebody say to an old Scotch-Canadian farmer. "Mr. Angus what are you going to do with that boy of yours? I hear he's very clever." "Aye!" said the old man proudly, "I'm thinking that if he goes on as he is we'll have to put the college to him." This expression exactly conveyed the point of view of

the parent of that day towards the college.

Nowadays things are apt to be turned around. Only last summer I heard a conversation that ran something like the one above, but with a difference. "Mr. Angus, what are you going to do with that boy of yours?" "It's very hard to say: he seems no danged good at anything; we're thinking he's only fit to send to college."

There is no doubt that a great many boys are lifted along through school and lifted clean into college because there is nothing else to do with them. I had a brother who entered Upper Canada College at the same time that I did, over forty years ago. We were put into the first form. But my brother Dick grew so fast that they had to promote him into the second form at Xmas. The next term Dick was nearly six feet long and they had to promote him again. He still couldn't do simple equations but when he was over six feet high he had to be moved up to the Senior Fourth. If Dick hadn't run away from school and joined the North West Mounted Police, they would undoubtedly have "lifted" him clear up to a B.A. degree—on sheer length.

When I look over a first year class I can distinguish at once a number of students who have got there by this process of "lifting." Their faces wear a resigned air, as of the playthings of fate. They accept any studies to which they are con-

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Variations on a Viennese Theme

by Sidney Pierce

I HAVE discovered why the Viennese are the world's greatest musicians. They have two hands. Both are indispensable. One hand turns the score of the opera, the other conveys frequent offerings to a mouth as eager for food as is his soul for music. Strauss and "saur, gurke", Scheherazade and salami, Salsome and sausage! True happiness indeed, conducive to the highest development of the Arts harmonic and gastronomic.

IT IS as difficult to obtain an audience with the Viennese man of business as it is with his American counterpart. Starting his busy day at ten o'clock, the morning mail occupies him till eleven. Punctually at that hour his secretary brings in his mid-morning meal, consisting of a bit of bread, just two or three rolls, some beer, never more than three pints, with just a suspicion of sausage—say half a dozen slices. Rushing through this fortifying nourishment in slightly under an hour, he is ready to dictate letters from twelve to half past, at which time, or a few minutes earlier, he leaves the office for lunch.

Lunch, like the American sandwich and malted milk, takes only some thirty minutes, so that by one, he is ready to settle down to coffee. As Vienna knows it, coffee is drunk in slightly under two hours. Three o'clock then, finds the magnate back in his office.

The next two hours are occupied in vital discussions and important conferences with his staff as to whether one may justifiably compare Vera Schwartz's "Carmen" to Calve's or anent the equally urgent problem of selecting the evening's entertainment. Clearly a choice as difficult as that between "Lohengrin" at the Staatsopernhaus and "Figaro's Marriage" at the Redoutensaal, cannot be made in less than two hours, always reserving a few minutes to look at any interesting porcelain that might require attention.

It is now five o'clock, or a quarter to, and business is naturally out of the question. There remains but the evening, which must necessarily be spent in affording relaxation to a body and mind well-nigh exhausted by the arduous day.

AS photographs in our Sunday Supplements illustrate, conditions at Austrian and German bathing resorts are deplorable. The immodesty and utter disregard for the conventions of both New and Old England are so appalling as to beggar description.

The Austrians have designed their costumes under the misguided illusion that bathing suits are intended to be worn while swimming. The design is simple and is none other than the infamous "one-piece" bathing suit, worn by both sexes. In the case of the masculine natorial apparel, the proportions of the one-piece are considerably reduced. So great is their shame that Austrians will spend season after season at their beaches unaware of their depravity.

But there is still hope for these heathen. I am proud to state that English and American travellers, with altruistic devotion to an unpleasant

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License in the Library

A LITTLE paragraph dated from Lake Placid, N.Y., on September 24th, and transmitted over the wires of the Associated Press broadcasts throughout America a sorry reflection on the intelligence of the Canadian reading public. The despatch is as follows:

"Delegates attending the sessions of the thirty-fourth annual meeting of the New York Library Association here, yesterday heard George H. Locke, chief librarian of the Toronto Public Library denounce modern fiction tending towards the licentious as the 'new fiction of revolt.' Books dealing with sex problems, the 'eternal triangle,' and the like, have little appeal in Canada, he declared. He deplored their publication."

Our first reflection on reading this interesting piece of news was that 'fiction tending towards the licentious' is older than *The Decameron*, and that the very 'eternity' of the triangle frees it from any taint of modernism. How can Toronto denounce modern fiction as licentious when there is the carnal beauty of the *Song of Songs* and the tipling vanity of *Omar Khayyam* uncensored on the shelves of her public library? Modern fiction is to these as afternoon tea with the vicar is to a banquet at the Borgias, as Irving Berlin to Sebastian Bach, as Canadian cheese to Stilton.

We are not blaming the librarian for disliking licentiousness in literature; all librarians do. We only ask him to be consistent, to extend his denunciation over the whole age-long roll of letters. There is little that would escape. Some of the most popular passages of the Bible would be condemned; Shakespeare, our other national literary god, would be among the worst offenders; Elizabethan drama, Restoration drama, Greek drama—all would be damned; and the poet's far-famed license would be suspended, if not confiscated altogether. Personally—we confess it with shame—we rather enjoy literature 'tending towards the licentious', though this is a moral defect somewhat in the nature of a cross which must be borne with what Christian resignation we can muster.

We are writing, perhaps, more lightly than is appropriate to the seriousness of the charge which has been brought against the intellectual status of the people of Canada. To state that books dealing with sex problems and the 'eternal triangle' have little appeal in the Dominion is to say that our reading public is unmoved by (among many others) *The Bible*, the *English popular ballads*, *Venus and Adonis*, *Hero and Leander*, *Othello*, *Oedipus Rex*, *Ars Amatoria*, *Rabelais*, *Mme. Bovary*, *Faust*, *Jane Eyre*, *Anna Karenina*, *The Red Lily*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Married Love*, *Boule de Suif*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and, to include a few modern novels of distinction, *The Forsyte Saga*, *Sons and Lovers*, *Ulysses*, *Nocturne*, *Java Head*. The list can be continued almost to infinity. After looking over this array of titles, and noting that every one of these books deals with sex problems or the 'eternal triangle' or both, we are glad to go on record that we believe such books have something much more than a little appeal in Canada. Nor do we agree in deploring their publication.

The University Book Club

TO students and others who might like to know where they can obtain the most significant recent books at a reasonable cost, we can heartily recommend the University Book Club. Here any undergraduate may, for a yearly five dollars, have access to all the latest fiction, poetry and drama, and books on science, politics, history, biography, and art. The annual subscription for those not members of the university is seven-fifty.

The collection of notable new books, perhaps one of the finest in any Montreal library, is not the only inducement held out to the discriminating book-lover. The Book Club has some of the most comfortable wicker arm chairs within a mile of the university. Here fortunate members may sit and browse among the books, and at times be treated to loud-voiced discourses on various esoteric artists rendered with charming *insouciance* by elderly virgins who congregate together and cry *My dear! I haven't read his new book yet, but isn't it wonderful how he probes the female soul!* This is cheap at five dollars a year. Even at seven-fifty.

The Rush to the Colleges STEPHEN LEACOCK

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demned with equal equanimity. As between Latin, Spherical Trigonometry and Comparative Religion they have no preference whatever. They will "take" Milton, or "take" Plato or take anything that is handed out to them. They have "failed" so often that they have said goodbye to grief. They have been fined till they are bankrupt. And when they are finally put out of college altogether after two or three years of effort they submit with oriental fatalism.

People, ask, why are such boys sent to college? It is said that they never ought to be there. But tell me, where else can they go? And incidentally, among them are some of the best and dearest boys who ever misused a Latin subjunctive.

I am saying then that a great number of young people come to college because they drift in there out of the crowded world. At least it offers them a four years shelter from the cold.

But no doubt this fact only accounts for a minor part of the mass of new students, most of them come in response to the power of a general idea. Modern psychologists tell us that humanity only gets one idea at a time. We can't hold more. And when one gets it, all get it. So it comes about that the world at large has taken up the idea that a college education is an admirable thing, and it wants to get hold of some of it. The world as usual is both right and wrong. College education is indeed admirable but not in the way in which the world of today thinks it is. Centuries ago, when there first were colleges, they were founded mainly to prepare people to die. This was then the most important business in life. Later on the idea changed: the college was to prepare people to live. In our own immediate time (our little second of eternity) the idea has changed again. The college is supposed to prepare people to make their living. The college is presumed to be a place where a student is trained to make money. You put the fees in a slot and you draw out a salary.

It is this fact which is sending the tidal wave of students to the colleges and which is turning the college curriculum up-side-down. There is an increasing demand for what are called "practical" studies. The student doesn't want to know anything. He wants to be taught to do something. Instead of the search after Truth—which has proved unfindable—there is substituted the demand for an aptitude, for "knowing how." Hence the flood of vague and futile studies, each alluringly connected with the making of money, deceiving the student from the true purpose of education, and defrauding him. In place of physical science is substituted instruction in running a gasoline engine, in place of literature is the art of writing advertisements. In the place of political economy, which means properly a philosophical analysis of industrial society, and which has no connection whatsoever with individual acquisition of money, is substituted a cheap mess of stuff about advertising, salesmanship, price making and meat packing, as worthless as it is uninteresting. As yet the best universities still refuse to teach hair-cutting, fishing and Undertaking. But they are drifting nearer to them all the time.

No doubt most of this has got to be. It is difficult to state moderate truth in short gasps and little sentences. Of course the student has

got to live. But it is well for him to remember now and then that he has to die; the older notion was not absolutely wrong.

And if he insists on being practical, and on demanding his money's worth of commercial utility, let him be quite sure just what is and what is not a practical training. Much that is called practical misses its own mark. The very directness of its aim runs it to the ground. The shot with the high trajectory makes a hit every time.

If a student wants to learn Business Correspondence, so-called, let him begin by understanding that there is no such thing. There is only correspondence between men in business, and much of it had never been learned. The best way to learn to write a good business letter is to study Latin. The simple but charming idea that a sentence had better have a subject will brighten up a business letter to the point of exhilaration. The idea that a thought should have a beginning and an end, if truly adhered to, will signal out a young business writer among a hundred employees.

What really counts for practical success in life is a trained mind, clear thought, and the capacity for sustained concentration. These things are best acquired when we are not thinking about them at all. Like most of the "practical value" of education they come to us as backgrounds and incidentally.

Hence it is that many of the things at college that seem the most unworldly are indirectly the most useful. Such, for example is this present venture of a *Literary Supplement* to the *Daily*. And I can frame no better wish for it than that it may flourish in proportion to its unworldliness.

OVERHEARD ON A COACH.

That he might the better feed and cherish that sacred flame of gratitude in his breast, Mr. Pecksniff remarked that he would trouble his eldest daughter, even in this early stage of their journey, for the brandy bottle. And from the narrow neck of that stone vessel, he imbibed a copious refreshment.

"What are we?" said Mr. Pecksniff, "but coaches?—Some of us are slow coaches—"

"Goodness, Pa!" cried Charity.

"Some of us, I say," resumed her parent with increased emphasis "are slow coaches; some of us are fast coaches. Our passions are the horses, and rampant animals too!"

"Really, Pa!" cried both the daughters at once. "How very unpleasant!"

"And rampant animals too," repeated Mr. Pecksniff, with so much determination that he may be said to have exhibited, at that moment a sort of moral rampancy himself: "and Virtue is the drag. We start from The Mother's Arms and we run to The Dust Shovel."

When he said this, Mr. Pecksniff, being exhausted, took some further refreshment.

CHARLES DICKENS

The murderer Mahon, who was recently hanged in England is said by his wife to have been devoted to Addison, Macaulay, Dickens, Froude, and especially Thackeray. "It was these authors that spurred him to self-expression in the Church debating society!"

His Majesty's Presents Well Acted Comedy

Many sins have been attributed to the Younger Generation, not the least of which is to have been the cause of so much spilt ink. Under the flamboyant banner of Scott Fitzgerald, the novelists have plodded to the attack or rushed to the defence of the modes and morals of masculine and feminine flapperdom. The dangerous, plastic age when flaming youth is supposed to sizzle has been analyzed and psycho-analyzed almost to the verge of tedium. Then the movies took up the cause, and the end thereof is not yet.

Lately the dramatists, like their humbler brethren the scenario-writers have been turning their attention to the sins of the children. The result has been a not too brilliant series of dialogues in which the youngsters shock the old people by their devilish carrying-ons, and the old people shock the children by their soul-killing mid-Victorian middle-class attitude of respectable repression, and the playwright shocks the aesthetic sense of anyone in the audience who fancies he has one.

"The Goose Hangs High," a play by Lewis Beach, this week's offering at His Majesty's although its theme is the old one of the clash between youth and age, and though it fails to steer clear of the almost inevitable happy end, is a rather pleasing exception to the general run of intimate dramas of family life that have recently become popular.

The action of the story occurs in the living room of the Ingals' house in a small city in the Middle West. It is just the sort of living room to be found in every middle class home in every small city in America, and the people are just the sort of people that we all know. They might be our neighbours. They have the same ideals and the same ideas, though they express them a little more vividly, a little more wittily.

Three generations are portrayed in vivid relief. There is the conservative grandmother, the liberal parents, and the "labour" children, who alone neither toil nor spin; they go to college.

The plot, slight as it is, is an interesting one. The parents, who have devoted the hardest work of a life time to providing their children with all the advantages of a college education are beginning to doubt if their sacrifice has awakened any abiding feeling of love and gratitude in their sons and daughters. How the question is answered when business reverses threaten ruin forms the substance of an interesting and witty play.

The acting is exceptionally good, every one of the principal characters being in capable hands. Julia Stuart, as Mrs. Bradley, representing the oldest generation, portrays a character whom not many of us will fail to recognize. George Allan, as Bernard Ingals, gives a convincing portrait of the average father, while Lorna Elliott as his wife has a more emotional role of which she makes the most, though exercising at times a fine restraint. The young people are a jolly crowd. The person in the next seat to myself thought Guy Standing, as the elder brother, the handsomest man seen for a long time, I was able to retaliate with enthusiastic allusions to the personal charm and acting ability of Kathleen Middleton, and Patricia Morris.

A. J. M. S.

Diverting Skits Feature Princess Vaudeville Bill

Vaudeville has never bothered itself greatly with any problems, but has been quite content to provide an escape from problems. This week's programme at the Princess is consequently good vaudeville for it is fundamentally amusing and diverting. Even a grouch would not complain of any lack of amusement, and certainly he could not complain of any flagrant breach of good taste.

I must confess that I am something of a decadent, for it is the virtuous morality of the theatre which displeases me. It is true that now and again in the legitimate plays a so-called daring break is made away from this, but in the offerings of the two-a-day Thespians there is too

sical comedy and revue standard which has eliminated the old-fashioned music-hall methods. Undoubtedly the modern vaudeville act with its elaborate settings and costumes is more prettily artistic than most of the erudities of the music-hall. But there are some of us,—a minority whose opinion is not much valued, be it known,—who doubt whether vaudeville should be artistic rather than crude.

We receive little mercy at the Princess. Dolly Connolly, whose singing is one of the features of the programme, is pleasing to look at as well as pleasing to listen to, but her act is indeed a far cry from the music-hall. Percy Wenrich, the accompanist, has written such popular songs as "Put on your old grey bonnet," "Moonlight Bay," and "When you wore a tulip." It is an eminently respectable act, and is also entertaining.

THE GOLDEN AGE

by "Jon Grahame"

My dear, what fun we'll have together
What lovely things we'll do,
With all enchanted Arcady
Bursting on our view;
For youth is ours, and laughter,
And fine things to be seen
By noon and moon and dawntime,
Blue sea and forest green—
Brave things and clean:

The moon though gauzy cloud veils,
The gentle rain of spring,
White caps on the river,
And swallows on the wing,
The mountain in the sunshine,
The goodly shapes of trees,
And winter's frosty beauty
That we'll know how to seize
Flying by on skis.

And gallant times in town, dear,
Where sometimes we can dine,
And crown a little tete-a-tete
With cigarettes and wine;
And after to the theatre
To laugh and dream awhile
Exalted in the gallery,
Or else—if fortune smile—
Downstairs, in style.

Oh what wild lovely patterns
Of chequered nights and days
We'll weave with rippled laughter,
How many shining ways!
And old, important people
Will envy us, my sweet,
And remember a little sadly
How once they knew the heat
Of lips that meet.

But best of all is the firelight
And the quiet gloom,
A dark head in the shadows,
And the homely room
Where first I knew what happiness
A kindly fate had flung—
Two lovely things at once, dear,—
To love you, and be young.

much of this finickiness. In this respect the vaudevillians have lagged sorely behind the modern novelists. In the field of books the healthy break from squeamishness was given a fresh impetus in those bubbling details which the hearty old Emile Zola recounted with such gusto; and this healthy vein of coarseness was further opened by James Joyce and Aldous Huxley. The tendencies of the stage, and of vaudeville in particular, have been more in the direction of the physical humour of Dickens with perhaps here and there a subdued note of George Moorishness and Oscar Wildeism.

The bill at the Princess this week is a good illustration of the mid-

The other headliner is also of revue calibre—without, it must be granted, the boring features of a revue. Although there are few jokes of that rollickingly coarse kind there are one or two which have a picturesque strength. Speaking of Reno the principal says; "There are more lawyers draped around Reno than food in a Russian's beard." Talking of a trip to Europe he adds; "You have to cough up a lot before you get across." The other six acts, are amusing and entirely adequate to round out an entertaining performance.

W. G. T.

Parisian Actors In Thrilling Play At the Orpheum

L'homme qui assassina," which is being produced at the Orpheum by the actors of the Porte St. Martin Theatre of Paris, a melodrama in four acts by Pierre Frondaie, is an adaptation of a novel by Claude Farrere. For thrills this production surpasses the "Grand Guignol" of last spring.

The scene of the play is Stamboul on the Bosphorus; and the action takes place in diplomatic circles of which the Marquis de Sevigny, French ambassador, Lord Archibald Falkland, a British nobleman, Mehmed Pasha head of the Turkish police and a Russian Prince Cemuntz all form part.

The acting was so admirably done that the play seemed real; and held the audience spell-bound. Mr. Mag-nier as the French ambassador is very dignified and noble in character. His acting deserves unlimited praise. Mme. Pascal lends genuineness to the part of Lady Falkland. The emotion which she has to put into the part does not sound in the least strained or artificial. The part of the Russian prince was played by M. Montis with great effectiveness. The author's conception of the English nobleman is rather a queer one, and does not conform in the least to one's idea of such a person. M. Ougier played this role. Mme. Clervanne gave a very good interpretation of a vampire.

On the whole the play, although unreal is well worth seeing and serves as an example of the capability of French actors to play melodramatic pieces.

D.B.W.

Pages from a diary.

The following extracts from Turner's Diary which Mr. E. V. Lucas, in his "Highways and Byways in Sussex," has transcribed from the Sussex Archaeological Collections, where they have lain unpublished since 1746 will give a sufficient indication alike of the author's style and character:—

"My wife read to me that moving scene of the funeral of Miss Clarissa Harlow. Oh may the Supreme Being give me grace to lead my life in such a manner as my exit may in some measure be like that divine creature's! . . .

"We supped at Mr. Fuller's, and spent the evening with a great deal of mirth, till between one and two. The Fuller brought my wife home upon his back. I cannot say I came home sober, though I was far from being bad company."

ILLUMINATED DIAL

The Dog-star and Aldebaran, pointing to the restless Pleiades, were half way up the Southern sky, and between them hung Orion, which gorgeous constellation never burnt more vividly than now, as it swung itself forth above the rim of the landscape. Castor and Pollux with their quiet shine were almost on the meridian; the barren and gloomy square of Pegasus was creeping round to the north-west; far away, through the plantation, Vega sparkled like a lamp suspended amid the leafless trees, and Cassiopeia's chair stood daintily poised on the uppermost boughs.

"One o'clock," said Gabriel,

THOMAS HARDY

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fine achievements of pure and applied science during the next hundred years.

In the realm of physics, it is Einstein, "the greatest Jew since Jesus", who is to dominate the immediate future, and thanks to whose work it will be recognized that even in politics and ethics there are fourth and fifth dimensions "that show themselves by effects which, like the perturbations of the planet Mercury, are hard to detect even in one generation, but yet perhaps in the course of ages are quite as important as the three-dimensional phenomena."

Practical biology, the author predicts, will make startling headway, and a series of rude shocks will be given to established opinion. In an essay supposed to be written by a young Cambridge undergraduate a hundred and fifty years hence there is a description of the biological advances of the twentieth century. The final triumph of the biologist, states the essayist, was the production in 1951 of an ectogenetic child, and later, of course after bitter opposition, the adoption of estogenesis by the state as the official means of maintaining the falling population. This is naturally accompanied by far-reaching effects on human psychology and the life of the family, while the separation of sexual love and reproduction affords men and women freedom in an altogether new sense.

Science, which is to accomplish these extremely desirable things is defined by Mr. Haldane as the free activity of man's divine faculties of reason and imagination, and the gradual conquest, first of space and time, then of matter as such, then of his own body and those of other living beings, and finally the subjugation of the dark and evil elements of his own soul. This is an exalted conception; but it is a true one. The implied relation to ethics and religion is discussed in the final pages of the book.

Summing up, the author concludes that science is yet in its infancy, and all that can be said with certainty is that the thing that has not been is the thing that shall be—no beliefs, no values, no institutions are safe. It is the old paradox of freedom re-enacted with mankind for actor and the earth for stage. The prospect can only appear hopeful if mankind can adjust its morality to its powers. The moral and physical virtues are essentially quantitative and any alteration in the scale of human power renders actions bad which were formerly good. For example religious virtue of resignation in the face of epidemic disease is now a justly punishable offence; we have increased our armaments, and patriotism, once a flame upon the altar has become a world-devouring conflagration.

On the subject of religion, Mr. Haldane speaks his mind freely. "The time has gone by", he says, "when a Huxley could believe that while science might indeed remould traditional mythology, traditional morals were impregnable and sacrosanct to it. We must learn not to take traditional morals too seriously. And it is just because even the least dogmatic of religions tends to associate itself with some kind of unalterable moral tradition, that there can be no truce between science and religion." The only sort of religion that would satisfy the scientific mind, the author considers, is one which would frankly admit that its mythology and morals were provisional. "and it is doubtful if this could be called a religion at all."

"Daedalus" is a courageous, stimulating book. It is written with scientific precision, in a style that is crystal-clear, shining and scintillating with epigram and paradox. Mr. Hal-

Motley

By Otto Klineberg

Reflections on Splitting an Infinitive

I wish I had the courage of my convictions. By temperament and by inclination I am a radical, but in practice I follow after the copy-books of my forefathers. For years I had a suppressed desire to sow my grammatical wild oats (as the Editor would say) and split an infinitive. I have railed, in secret against the ex cathedra dictum that what the grammarians have joined no man must put asunder. I have vowed to break the laws of those who would dam with artificial barriers the spontaneous gush of my literary effusions. But as far as infinitives are concerned, I have always failed to screw up my courage to the splitting point.

I once wrote a poem, to a lady of course. They were very beautiful, both the lady and the poem. There was one line, however, which caused me some troubled hours. It read "to shyly steal a glance at your dear face." I realized that I had done wrong. I tried writing "shyly to steal," but I had certain rhythmical qualms about consenting to that arrangement. As for "to steal shyly," well even the free-verse addicts would hesitate about letting that pass. There was a fierce struggle between my grammatical conscience and my literary taste. Taste won, —but I decided to burn the poem. My lady was a Purist, and I feared her everlasting indignation. At present I am bereft of both poem and lady.

My suppressed desire remains suppressed. I am very much afraid that I shall always be merely a Parlor Bolshevik, grammatically speaking.

Spoonerisms.

My vocabulary has recently become richer by one term. A spoonerism, to put it in a text-book, consists of the exchange or transposition of the initials, letters, or syllables of a pair of words. —with results that are frequently very surprising. They are named after Dr. Spooner, a retired Oxford divine, who unconsciously invented quite a number of them. Spooner once summoned to his office a student who had wasted two whole terms at College, and lectured him for "tasting two whole worms." On another occasion he electrified the assembled multitude at a banquet at which he was presiding by rising to propose the toast, "Kinglemen, the Gent!" It was either Spooner or another Oxford don, who was giving a course in which the students were missing a great many classes, and who took them very severely for "hissing all his mystery lectures."

I offer two further examples from my own experience. A fiery young

dane's picture of the intellectual freedom that is to be the gift of science to mankind is an attractive one, and one is almost convinced that science will furnish the wings on which we shall fly from the smugness, stupidity, and selfishness of contemporary social, commercial, political and religious conventions.

Then we turn to Bertrand Russell's book, to the other side of the picture, and the glowing vision of mankind soaring to liberty on the pinions of science is changed to an anxious, half-despairing looking-upward at an imprudent Icarus destined to crash in flaming ruin.

(to be concluded)

THE WAVE

By Max

Beauty ruffles the darkness,

Strange waves curl,
And lift themselves,
Drench us,
And ebb,
And rise again.

Over our lips... breathless...
Over our eyes... Oh blind...

Your shining eyes,
Moonlight eyes,
And the dim mist of your hair,
And the white flower
Of your upturned face,
Are as foam on the crest of
this night's wave of
loveliness.

Murmurous, obliterating wave,
Pour down on me
Thy flood of beauty,
Cover me with
Forgetfulness awhile,
That I may sink into thy
surging ecstasy,
And lose myself in thee.

orator was making an impassioned plea to his audience to heed the "call of battle" but rather spoiled his case by speaking of it as the "baw" of cattle." And a timid young swain once haltingly suggested to his lady fair that they sit down beside the "nosey cook." My intelligent readers will immediately guess that he was referring to a cosy nook.

During the long winter months, the manufacturing of spoonerisms may serve as an indoor or outdoor pastime, calculated both to exercise the intellect and strengthen the sense of humour.

Comparisons are Odorous

To a romantically-inclined student of human nature, the changing fortunes of the sense of smell throughout the ages must constitute a drama of absorbing interest. Not so long ago it sat enthroned among Nature's great gifts to man; to-day it wallows in the mire of disrepute, shunned by polite society, spoken of only in whispers, and behind closed doors. Not so long ago men risked their lives and their fortunes for the perfumes of the East, which they brought back in the hope that they would appeal to the noses of the West. To-day noses are regarded merely as undignified appendages of the human countenance, at best of ornamental significance, to be seen and not used.

In our daily speech we still testify to the former high estate of the sense of smell. We speak of "a nose for news," "smelling a rat," being "in bad odour" in the community, or "hot on the scent" of some important information. But at the aesthetic pleasure that comes from a beautiful odour, we turn up our despised noses in disdain, although we pursue beautiful sights and sounds with interest and avidity. The loss is ours.

An Epitaph.

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde,
Have mercy o' my soul, Lord God,
As I wad do, were I Lord God.
And ye were Martin Elginbrodde.
—George MacDonald.

Colchester Epitaph.

On a man who liked Oysters
Tom, who today no noise stirs,
Lies beneath these cloisters,
If at the last trump
He does not quickly jump,
Only cry "Oysters."

Distressing Dialogue

A Review
by Tomfool

SCENE: Office of McGill Daily half an hour before the Literary Supplement goes to press. Staccato rattle of typewriters, like machine guns through barrage of cigarette smoke. At intervals a wild cry pierces the haze. It is to the effect that if some more copy isn't rushed down pretty soon the paper won't be out tomorrow.

(Enter Editor disguised as Postman)

ED: Reviewers, attention! (Corps of reviewers leap from their Underwoods and salute.) "Distressing Dialogues" by Nancy Boyd, preface by Edna St. Vincent Millay, published by Harper Bros., 290 pp., \$2—just come in by mail. Must be reviewed at once.

ALL THE REVIEWERS TOGETHER: I will do it.

ED: (holding up hand) Wait. The publisher's blurb on the wrapper says that "This is an outrageous little book." (Reviewers, shocked, fall back in dismay.)

TOMFOOL (stepping forward nobly) I am the last of the Victorians, but I do not flinch.

ED: Sir, you are brave, but you have yet to hear the worst.

T.F. I can say that it might corrupt our co-eds, and should be suppressed.

ED: (with dignity) Ordinary reviewers must not interrupt the editor.

T.F. But I'm not an ordinary reviewer.

ED: (Ignoring this last remark) It also says on the cover of this book that it is "intended for readers who instinctively reject the knife as a vehicle for green peas. Others will peruse it at their own risk."

T.F. Risk and danger are pea soup to me even if I have to eat it with a fork. (Takes book and retires into corner. Curtain is lowered and raised again to denote passage of time. Eight minutes and thirteen seconds have elapsed.)

T.F. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!

VOICE from BELOW: Copy!

ED: Isn't that review ready yet.

T.F. I haven't been able to stop laughing yet. Say, this dame's clever. Throw us over the Thesaurus, will you? (He ducks the hefty Roget, and searches the fertile pages.) Ah, here we are—witty, facetious spirituel, smart, waggish, droll, clever, daring, audacious, naughty—

ED: That's long enough. Cut it off there, and shoot the copy down quick.

T.F. All right, but just let me quote this little ballad entitled "Feet." (singing in a high bass)

I am tired of feet,
Feet are unpleasant;
They are too flat;
And there are too many toes on them.

ALL THE REVIEWERS: Is that in the book?

T.F. Yes. (Exeunt omnes except T. F. to buy book. T.F. puts copy in copy shoot, and retires to his corner to read as the curtain slowly descends.)

Variations on a Viennese Theme

(Continued from page one)

duty, are conducting the most thorough investigations into the scandalous conditions, and leave no stone unturned in their self-imposed task. I have seen dozens of tourists, fortified with a moral upbringing, a double-barrelled conscience, and three Austrian bathing suits apiece, spend hours gazing at the shameless foreigners, their disgracefully healthy bodies and their sun-bronzed limbs.

So pernicious is this evil Continental influence that I was contaminated myself. I girded my loins like an Austrian and went in swimming. I am a throw-back and a disgrace.